

FORD TIMES

JANUARY 1981



Celebrating New Year's Eve at 22° Below



America's most popular sports car.

Sleek. Surefooted. Aerodynamic. That's Mustang. A thoroughbred with the high gas mileage you might not expect from a high-spirited car. Choose from a wide range of standard features like rack and pinion steering and modified MacPherson front suspension to an impressive list of

23

EPA
EST
MPG*

34

EPA
EST
HWY*

options—Michelin TRX radial tires, forged aluminum wheels... even a T-Top to the sky.

Ford Mustang. Experience why it's America's most popular sports car.

* Estimates for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Highway mileage and Calif. estimates lower.

MMMMUSTANG



Brought to you through the courtesy
of your local Ford dealer, whose
name appears on the back cover.

FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

January 1981, Vol. 74, No. 1

**Consumer Publications
Manager**

Robert B. Pollock

Managing Editor

Richard L. Routh

Associate Editor

Michael E. Maattala

Food & Fashion Editor

Nancy Kennedy

Design Manager

Jerry L. Anderson

Art Director

Gary J. Dykstra

Production Administrator

Lester J. Hackerd

Circulation Administrator

T. J. Skelly

Board of Publishers

Walter Hayes

Chairman

P. E. Benton, Jr.

B. E. Bidwell

B. L. Crumpton

W. J. Goodell

R. W. Hefty

L. E. Lataif

D. T. McClure

W. T. Peacock, Jr.

H. A. Poling

R. B. Pollock

M. S. Shanks

W. Sheehan

Published monthly

and © 1981 by

Ford Motor

Company. All

rights reserved.

Printed in U.S.A.

Send address changes

(with back cover label)

to *Ford Times*

Circulation Department,

and editorial

submissions to *Ford*

Times Editorial

Department, P.O. Box

1509-B, Dearborn,

Michigan 48121.

Editorial submissions

must be accompanied

by self-addressed,

stamped return

envelopes.

CONTENTS:

2 Willa Cather's Red Cloud Roy Bongartz

8 Boatpacking in the Florida Everglades

Julie Candler and Allan Hayes

16 A Different Image of the Vikings Mort Hochstein

22 Celebrating New Year's Eve at 22 Below

Philip Larson

27 The Old Man, the Harmonica and the Guitar

William Childress

38 The Stolen Church Val Lauder

44 Parallax and Other Pitfalls Alice M. Pytak

51 Mail-Order Mansion Marylu Terrai Jeans

58 Mr. Bones Bob Cairns

**7 What the Automotive Press Is Saying
About Ford's New World Car**

**14 Escort, Lynx "Just the Beginning" of
Many New Ford Products for the '80s**

Leo J. Brighton

**32 Being No. 1 Is Having the Features
Americans Want** Ray Newman

48 One Winner Picks Another Nancy Kennedy

54 Favorite Recipes From Famous Restaurants

63 Glove Compartment

64 Letters

Cover: Philip Larson goes camping and cross-country skiing as a way of ringing in the new year in what turns out to be a windy, sub-zero survival test in northern Minnesota. His story begins on page 22. Illustration by Michael W. Green.



Willa Cather's RED CLOUD

by Roy Bongartz

illustrations by Michael W. Green

THE LITTLE TOWN of Red Cloud, Nebraska, still personifies the pioneer spirit of its famous daughter Willa Cather, the Pulitzer-prize winner whose novels celebrate the strengths of the settlers who came here at the end of the last century. Lost in the great tableland of wheat in the middle of America, it is animated by the strong lives of its early families.

Several generations have gone by since Cather absorbed scenes and characters for the stories and novels that made Red Cloud famous, but the place is still recognizably Cather's, quite as she described it in her many works.

The house where she grew up is here, and so are the houses and places of business of her neighbors and friends and teachers. Out in the wheatland are the farmsteads of the Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, German and Swedish immigrants she loved to visit as a girl.

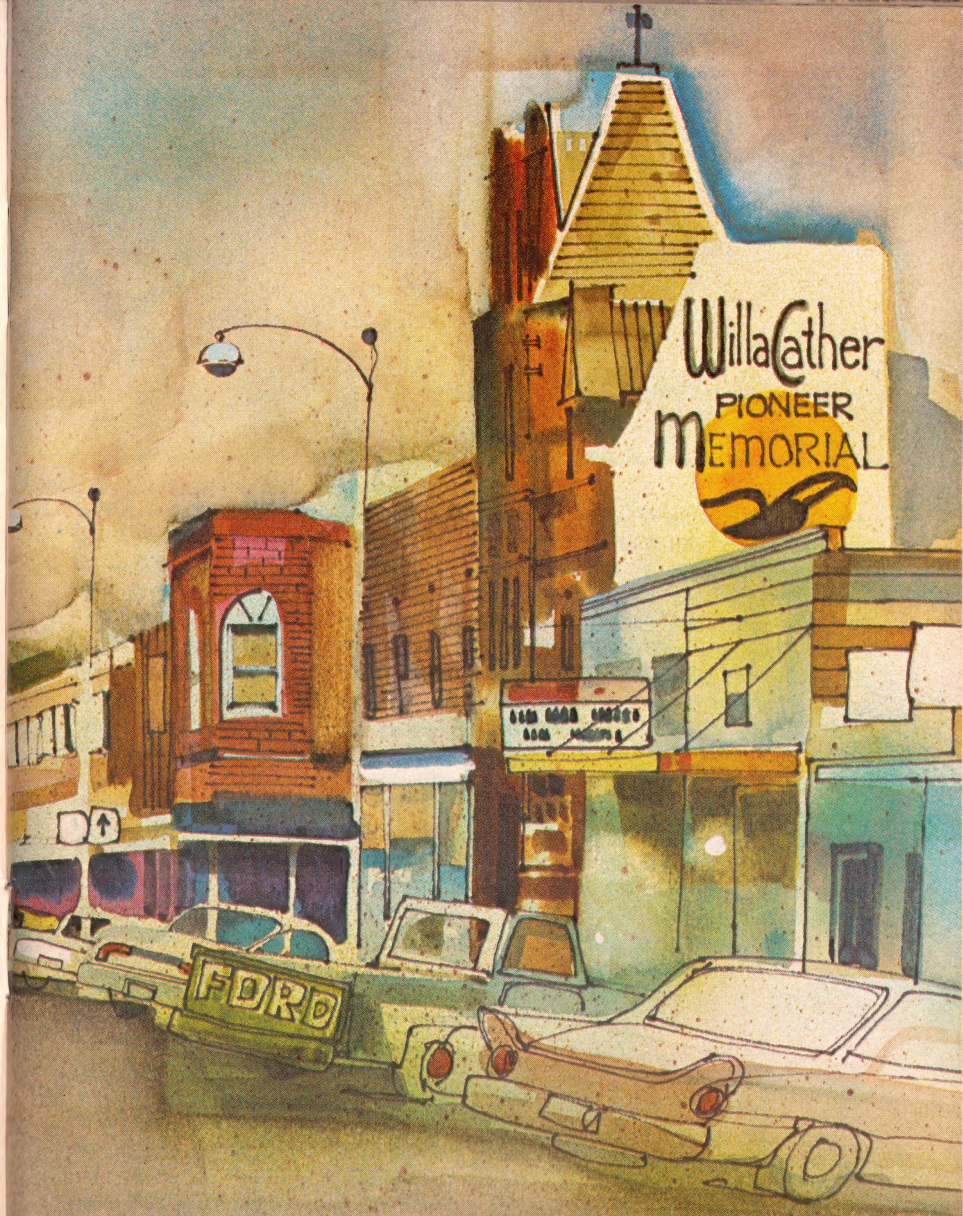
In several of her novels the town forms the background and supplies the leading characters as well. In *A Lost Lady*, it is called Sweetwater. In *One of Ours*, which earned Cather a

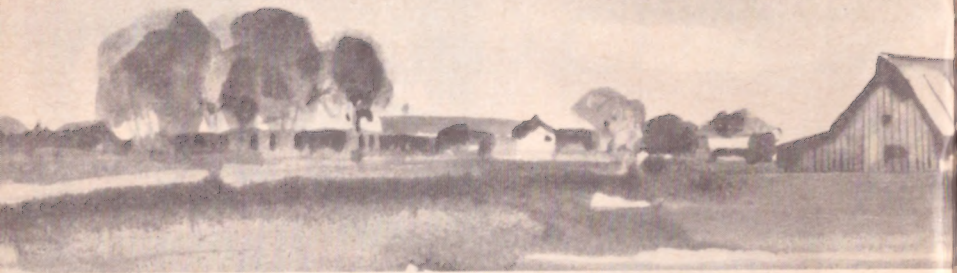
Pulitzer prize in 1922, it is Frankfort. In *Lucy Gayheart*, it is Haverford. In *The Song of the Lark*, it is Moonstone. In *My Antonia*, it is Black Hawk. And in *O Pioneers!*, it is called Hanover.

The brick storefronts along Main Street have stayed the same as they were in Cather's day. The bank, with its steep tiled roof, is now a Cather museum. In summer the sun beats down on the bricks of the quiet street where an occasional farm truck pulls up to angle-park in front of the hardware store. A door slams, the farmer goes inside and it is silent again.

The visitor to Red Cloud gets the refreshing experience of meeting people who are proud of their part of the country but do not pretend they live in some sort of paradise. They love the land and they know it, too, with its heat waves and winds and winter cold. Willa Cather did not sentimentalize Red Cloud. She wrote of its strength of character, energy, and its many delights, and she knew its hypocrisies and its enmity to rebels of all kinds.

Edith Lewis, a Nebraskan who was a friend of Cather's, has written





that "except for some of the people who lived in it, I think no one had ever found Nebraska beautiful until Willa Cather wrote about it. It had not the austerity of the desert nor the majesty of the mountains and rivers. There it lay; and it was as new, as unknown to art as it was to the pioneer."

The State of Nebraska acquired the Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial on Main Street in 1978. It is now a part of the Willa Cather Historical Center, a branch museum of the Nebraska State Historical Society.

Although the museum changes its exhibits from time to time, when I visited the museum it had displayed the robe Cather wore to accept an honorary degree from the University of California, where she was called "a self-controlled and elevated delineator of life on the Western plains." Costumed dummies frequently are used to illustrate settings from Cather works in stage-set rooms.

In the Cather frame house at the corner of Third and Cedar streets, the

Cathers, who had come here from Virginia when Willa was 9 years old, filled the few rooms to overflowing. Besides seven children, there were Grandmother Rachel Boak and a servant girl.

The house, which is open to the public, has a narrow front, and an oval glass in the entrance door leading into the parlor, where the centerpiece is a polished, ornate nickel-trimmed coal stove. Beyond are a dining room and Grandmother's room, which was a hangout for the small fry. They would warm themselves by her stove and listen to stories being read to them.

Cather recalled the attic with the most affection: "Upstairs was a story in itself," she wrote, "a secret romance. No caller or neighbor had ever been allowed to go up there. All the children loved it — it was their very own world where there were no older people poking about to spoil things . . . Bracing the long roof rafters were cross rafters on which one could hang things — a little personal washing, a curtain for tableaux,



a rope swing ... In this spacious and undivided loft were two brick chimneys, going up in neat little stair steps from the plank floor to the shingle roof — and out of it to the stars!"

Eventually, Willa's mother insisted she have a room of her own, and partitioned off space here for her. It was in this room that Willa did her reading at night, "snug like a wooden box," she described it, but still she could "leave her door open into the long loft, where the wood was brown and the chimneys red and the weather always so close," and where through the far window she could see "the white light from the snow and the half-strangled moon."

Out in the town were the people Cather would eventually write about: Annie Sadilek, the neighbors' hired girl who became Antonia; Willa's intellectual friends, the Charles Wieners, who let her use their private library and became the Rosens in the story *Old Mrs. Harris*; Dr. McKeeby, who became Dr. Archie in *The Song*

of the Lark; her music teacher Shindelmeisser, renamed Wunsch in fiction, and a schoolteacher who became Eva Case in *The Best Years*. In Cather's room today those vibrations are still coming in from all over Red Cloud.

A folder leads visitors on a walking tour of many of the homes of these townspeople, and the sites and buildings in which they lived and worked. The 1885 Opera House, which has always included a hardware store downstairs, held the graduation ceremony for Willa's high school class with just three graduates. The Moon Block on Main Street has storefronts



described in *The Song of the Lark* as the Duke Block.

The Burlington Railroad depot has been restored, and stands in its 19th-century glory as it was in several Cather stories. In the town cemetery is the Cather family plot — Willa herself is buried in New Hampshire — as well as the graves of several of her friends and acquaintances who appeared in her writings. At Sixth and Seward stands another house where the Cather family lived from 1904 to 1931, the scene of many of the writer's summertime visits.

A county museum on West Fourth Street further illustrates Cather's themes with its display of prairie-life artifacts: old barrows, walking plows, corn planters and a quilt made by Annie Sadilek. Only one member of the Cather family still lives in the town — a cousin of Willa's — but the good times and the annual events haven't changed much since Willa was a girl: church suppers and ball games, the Easter egg hunt, the firemen's ball, the horse shows and the Lions' antique auction.

Red Cloud, population 1,531, is proud of native son Dazzy Vance, a Hall of Fame baseball player who starred for the St. Louis Cardinals

in the 1934 World Series. It claims to have the country's biggest round barn, the Starke Barn east of town, measuring 130 feet in diameter and three stories in height, and held together "by sheer tension," as everybody in Red Cloud is eager to tell you.

And not far away is the biggest specimen of the Nebraska state tree, a cottonwood 26 feet, nine inches around. But the town is proudest of Willa Cather. In spite of some meanness and evil she saw here and wrote about, she is always honored. No doubt that is because there was always a part of love in the vision of Nebraska that she reported to the world. The Nature Conservancy, with financial support from the Woods Foundation, has set aside a tract of 610 acres of native grassland in her memory, and calls it the Willa Cather Memorial Prairie.

A former Nebraska governor decreed part of Webster County as "Catherland." A legend on a historical marker outside the town reads: "Here on the divide between the Republican and the Little Blue lived some of the most courageous people of the frontier. Their fortunes and their loves live again in the writings of Willa Cather, daughter of the plains and interpreter of man's growth in these fields and in the valleys beyond."

In *O Pioneers!* Cather wrote: "The history of every country begins in the heart of a man or a woman." The legend on the marker concludes: "The history of this land began in the heart of Willa Cather." □





What the Automotive Press Is Saying About Ford's New World Car

"There's every indication that Ford has spared no expense nor omitted any feature that would keep the car from meeting or beating anything in its class sold anywhere."

— *Road Test magazine*

"According to today's set of rules, the Escort should be just what America is looking for (presently from Japan) in basic transportation. And for the hot-rodding community, this new in-line four-cylinder hemi has great potential for the small-bore classes."

— *Popular Hot Rodding magazine*

"Ford's new World Car is here! That's right, the Escort is the first of a totally new generation of cars from Ford Division, designed with the future in mind. Ford Motor Company is out to prove that cars that get good mileage, with low emissions, don't have to be stereotyped into a group of automobiles that all look and ride like cardboard boxes."

— *Super Ford magazine*

"The body design received the full force of Ford's own finite-element structural-analysis computer banks plus technology developed in Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland and Ford's own European operations. The goal was to build a 2,000-pound 4-seater hatchback that would be stout enough to be driven anywhere in the world, yet quiet and smooth enough to please half a million American drivers."

— *Motor Trend magazine*

"Although the new engine was designed to offer the best compromise of fuel economy, low emissions and performance, the list of performance features in this new engine is impressive. Consider the following: fully machined hemispherical combustion chambers, big valves, a lightweight valvetrain, short ports, an overhead camshaft, an aluminum head and intake manifold on a lightweight cast-iron block, and 6000-rpm revving capability."

— *Hot Rod magazine*

"Ford Motor Company, through Ford Parts and Service Division's Serviceability Task Force, gave high priority to innovations in serviceability and repairability and in reducing scheduled maintenance in the designing and engineering of its new front-wheel-drive cars — the Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx."

— *Automotive News*





BOATPACKING IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

by Julie Candler and Allan Hayes

illustrations by Walter Brightwell

IT'S LIKE wilderness backpacking. We are alone with wildlife all around us. We have our tents and carry a few necessities in a light pack, plus food and water for the time we'll be away.

The difference is that we aren't

hiking a trail. We're in a 16-foot fishing boat with a 10-horse outboard. It's headed for the Lopez River Campsite, the northernmost stop along the 99-mile Wilderness Waterway that parallels the Gulf of Mexico on its way

south to Flamingo. We're in the heavily wooded Ten Thousand Islands at the northwest tip of Florida's Everglades National Park.

The only way to get into the park from the north, or to reach the campsite from any direction, is by boat. To cover the entire waterway requires either a small powerboat like ours, a trip of six to seven hours, or a canoe, which takes seven days.

We soon learn, however, that the bays and rivers here are shallow, and

there is a 3½-foot tide. Only an expert who knows these waters can expect to make the motorboat trip without any mishap at all.

We think we have an expert in Cousin Phyllis, who travels these waters frequently, and is directing us across Chokoloskee Bay toward Lopez River.

Allan is at the helm of our craft, listening to Phyllis. "Take a right, now a left," she says. We're fine until we zig too close to an oyster bar when



we should have zagged. Suddenly the propeller is churning in mud. Allan cuts the engine and tilts it out of the water. Instantly, the tide begins rushing us toward the jagged oyster bar. We drop anchor, but it fails even to slow us down. Using our one paddle is an equal failure. So Allan, who needs no excuse to go sailing, converts our little boat into a two-masted square-rigger. Phyllis is one mast and Julie the other, each opening her parka to catch the wind. Suddenly we're sail-



ing. Allan steers us with the paddle through a gap in the oyster bed and into deeper water, where we can start the engine again. It makes Allan's day. It's the only sailing he gets to do on the whole trip.

Later when we kid Phyllis about her sloppy piloting, she explains where she went wrong. "I'm left-handed," she says. "When I say right I mean left. You're my cousin, you ought to know that."

We curve eastward into the mouth of the Lopez River. Now we're in among the mangroves, strange walking trees whose roots wade slowly through shallow waters and sprout into thick clusters of new islands. Instead of woodchucks, chipmunks and other creatures that hikers normally encounter, we see a family of dolphins performing a water ballet. A floating log with two eyes and a snout turns out to be an alligator. It submerges when we get close enough to trigger its fear of man.



Ospreys, herons, brown pelicans, egrets and double-crested cormorants glide from the leafy mangrove tops and occasionally squabble over underwater fishing rights. These constantly moving estuarine waters are brackish — fresh water from inland rivers mixes with the salt water of the Gulf — and they are breeding grounds for salt- and fresh-water creatures that attract fishermen from all over the world.

Now, up ahead on the right shore, we see the brown and white sign, "Lopez River Campsite." We pull our boat up the sloping bank and explore. There's room enough in this verdant, flat clearing for a dozen small tents, though park rules set an overnight limit of eight people. There are grills for cooking, two picnic tables and a chemical toilet.

Few campers along the waterway miss the chance to go fishing. There are trout, snapper, redfish, snook and many other fish in these waters. At one point Allan gets a heavy bite and

hauls in his line, dreaming of fresh fish for dinner. His strike turns out to be a large blue crab which releases the hook as it breaks the water and sinks back to the bottom, taking the bait with it.

Lopez River Campsite is as far south as we go. If time permitted, we would have spent two weeks exploring this waterway. It winds through creeks, rivers and open bays on a marked trail. There are 18 similar campsites spaced along the route, each with its own individuality. At Watson's Place, campers pick bananas off the trees. Willy-Willy Mound Campsite is on a shell mound built by ancient Indians and is shaded by trees with names like gumbo limbo and strangler fig.

Some campsites, built where there is no high ground, are 10- by 12-foot platforms called chickees. Each has a roof, grill, picnic table and narrow catwalk leading to a chemical toilet. The design (except for the chemical addition) was borrowed from the Seminole Indians who found that the open walls allow breezes through to keep down insects, while the roof provides shelter from sun and rain.

As in the days of the Indians, a canoe is ideal for the waterway. Many college students rent or bring one for the trip during Christmas and Easter vacations. Though paddling a canoe is harder work than cranking an outboard, the lightweight, graceful craft is quieter and closer to nature. It's the *only* recommended way to get through one spectacular but narrow

stretch of the waterway, ominously named the Nightmare. Motorboaters are advised to take an alternate route via the Gulf because snags and submerged logs can chop up propellers.

Boatpackers who prefer more open waters and sandy beaches can stay for as long as two weeks at two delightful campsites on the Gulf of Mexico, at Rabbit Key and Indian Key. The water out here is saltier, and the campsites more exposed to the wind. On a long sandspit extending far out into the Gulf from Rabbit Key, hundreds of black skimmers and other waterfowl ruffle their feathers and squawk in the sun-drenched salt air.

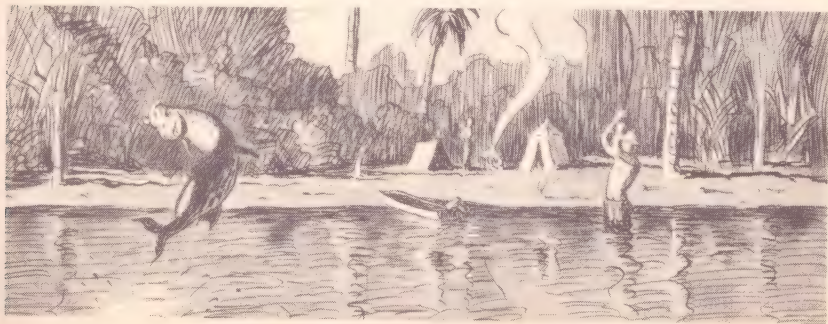
We first see the Indian Key campsite from the top deck of *The Manatee*, a boat from Everglades City that takes daily two-hour tours among the islands. We listen to the ranger-naturalist describing the natural wonders of the Everglades over the tour boat's loudspeaker.

He talks about the people who lived among the Ten Thousand Islands through the years. First came

the Calusa Indians, who protected themselves against hurricanes during their 2,000 years here by building 20-foot-high mounds of shells. Over the centuries one mound became a 150-acre island. When the Seminoles came here later they called the island *Chokoloskee*, their word for "home of the ancient ones." At one time there were Spanish settlements nearby, and then pirates found the tangled maze of mangroves to be a handy hiding place. They could dash out in small boats to attack ships too big to pursue them back into the shallow waters. During Prohibition, rumrunners glided among these islands in the dark of night.

Then the ranger informs his listeners about the delicate ecology of the area, threatened by over-development, and the need for all of us to protect it. "Remember, this park belongs to your children and their children. Would you spoil it for them?" he asks.

They, too, should have the fun of boatpacking among the mangroves. □



Escort, Lynx "Just the Beginning" of Many New Ford Products for the '80 s



Ford Super Gnat, a high-mileage, two-seater commuter car now only in a concept stage, could become a production model by the mid-1980s

by Leo J. Brighton



Caldwell

"THEY'RE just the beginning," said Ford Motor Company Chairman Philip Caldwell, as he recently watched Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx automobiles rolling off the Metuchen, New Jersey, Assembly Plant line. "They are the first examples of the most aggressive product development program in Ford Motor Company history," he said.

"During the next few years we will

introduce eight new front-wheel-drive car lines — beginning next spring with a new two-seater sports coupe that will incorporate the magic of the 1955 Thunderbird and the mass appeal and affordability of the 1965 Mustang. Six months after that we will bring out other versions of the Escort and Lynx — stylish, five-door models that will have the look of a four-door sedan and the function of a station wagon.

"At the same time, the first of a new range of smaller-sized luxury cars will debut with all of the desired

elegance, prestige and sophistication.

"These cars are going to have some exciting new powertrains, too. Building on the technology of the Escort and Lynx engine, our engineers are developing a fast-burn, low-friction combustion process that will provide even better fuel economy and cleaner emissions for our four- and six-cylinder engines. In addition, we'll have both mid-size and small diesels and an all-new 2.2-liter gasoline engine."

He also commented about the prospect for larger diesel engines in Ford products: "We have reached an interim agreement with BMW-Steier (of Austria), leading to the purchase of what we think is the most sensational diesel engine ever. We have driven it, and we are delighted with it."

"Also, we are in the process of modifying a fleet of our new Escorts to run on methanol to take part in over-the-road alternative-fuel research in California and Canada, and they will join what is already the biggest experimental alternative fuel fleet in the industry."

Caldwell called the Escort and Lynx "the most technically advanced, highly fuel-efficient small cars ever made in this country . . . made-in-America automobiles that will compete fully, fairly and squarely with the imports."

Later, Harold A. Poling, executive vice president — Ford North American Automotive Operations, elaborated on Caldwell's remarks and revealed these additional plans:

- Ford will have a new downsized



Poling

luxury car in 1982.

- The present automatic overdrive transmission (AOD) eventually may be limited to trucks. However, in 1984 or '85, the Company

will have an automatic transaxle with overdrive for front-wheel-drive cars.

- The Company plans to buy small diesel engines from Toyo Kogyo of Japan for cars and trucks beginning about 1984. The car engine will be in the 2.0- to 2.2-liter range.

● The Company is looking at both six- and four-cylinder diesels, probably for application to present and future LTD and Marquis cars.

- Ford is exploring production of its own diesels, but development is very expensive and would require more time than if the engines were bought from outside suppliers.

● Ford's new small truck will have a diesel option — 2.2-liter or larger.

- Ford is actively considering a small commuter car for the mid-1980s. Electric power is a possibility, but the Company leans toward a gasoline-powered vehicle (three or four cylinders, maybe 0.9-liter displacement) because of its superior range and ready availability of fuel, and because it is "something people are used to." Ford thinks a small two-seater that got 45 mpg in the city and 55 mpg on the highway would be very popular. In addition to carrying two people, it would have room for groceries or a small amount of luggage. □



R.B.

A Different Image of the VIKINGS

Fierce, yes, but the
exhibit now in America
reveals they had a less
notorious side, too

by Mort Hochstein



*I've been with sword and
spear slippery with bright
blood where kites wheeled.
And how well we violent
Vikings clashed! Red flames
ate up men's roofs, raging we
killed and killed and
skewered bodies sprawled
sleepy in town gate-ways.*

A 10TH-CENTURY Viking poet-warrior wrote this verse and helped set an image of his people that stands today, an image of a bloody, pillaging, raiding gang of sea warriors.

There is no denying the image. For 300 years, from the ninth through the 11th centuries, the Vikings sailed out of Scandinavia raiding and seizing property and land in the British Isles, much of Europe and parts of Asia and North Africa.

In small boats, by today's standards, they traversed the stormy seas of the Atlantic and planted at least one outpost, probably more, on North American soil.

They were a fearsome race, but they were also great shipbuilders and sailors, craftsmen and imaginative traders who conducted their business

in Dublin, London, Hamburg and the fabled East, in Byzantium, Baghdad and Samarkand.

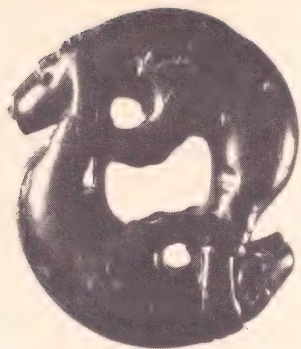
An exhibit that shows the less notorious side of the Vikings is ending at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art this month and will be at the Minneapolis Institute of Art from March 1 through April 30. It features gold and silver jewelry, coins, wood and stone carvings and other archaeological treasures from museums in Europe. The collection is priceless and in the case of such countries as Sweden and Denmark and Norway, practically amounts to the national patrimony. This is one of those once-in-a-lifetime shows, this year's King Tut, and it does present a different image of the Vikings.

The Vikings who mean the most to Americans are Eric the Red and his son Leif. Eric was a violent man who was forced out of Scandinavia because of his antisocial tendencies. A Norse saga says Eric and his father had to leave Norway for the Norse Colony in Iceland about 980, because of some killings.

But Eric apparently got into more trouble and was banished from Iceland. He and his followers sailed off and when they returned, three years later, Eric had turned into a salesman. He told wondrous tales about Greenland, the green land. He later admitted he had sought a name with appeal because men would be more likely to go there if the land had an attractive name.

Norsemen listened to the sales talk

Page 17: Gilt and bronze weather vane from Norway (left inset) and box-shaped brooch found in Sweden. Both are examples of Viking ostentation, metal-working and engraving



Above: Gripping bears (Norway). Right: Ringed pin, silver and niello (Sweden)



Left: Dragon's head wood carving (Norway). Below: Silver and gold cup (Denmark)



and followed him back to Greenland and some made a living on those harsh shores. But others, including Leif the Lucky, Eric's son, heard tales of a more hospitable territory west of Greenland.

So it fell to Leif Ericson, later followed by his brother Torwald, to discover what they described as Vinland (land of vines, another sales pitch) possibly in Newfoundland. It is believed they made forays farther into the New World, but the extent of their travels has yet to be proven.

Viking artifacts have been reported at Kensington, Minnesota; Newport, Rhode Island; Mystery Hill, New Hampshire; Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and even Cherokee, Iowa; but no one has been able to prove that Vikings did reach those points.

The one site that could be "Vinland the Good," where Leif Eirikson built his big houses, was identified in the 1950s by archaeologist Helge Ingstad as L'Anse aux Meadows, near Epaves Bay on the jagged northeast coast of Newfoundland. Ingstad unearthed three groups of turf structures, a separate smithy and boathouses.

The buildings have been radio-carbon-dated as being built and occupied during the Viking Age. Archaeologists also found a bronze ringed-pin similar to pins discovered at Norse graves in the British Isles and the finding confirms the belief that Vikings did settle in Newfoundland. The Viking exhibit now in America includes several small items dis-

covered at the Newfoundland site.

More recently, American and Canadian explorers have located Viking artifacts far to the north in the arctic, at Baffin and Ellesmere islands. Excavations there are promising.

If you want to see the craftsmanship of Viking shipbuilding you will have to journey to Oslo where the Norwegians have three replicas of those soaring, sweeping sea chariots on display in the Viking Ship Hall. The oak vessels, each about 60 feet long, their prows and sterns curving more than 12 feet above the heads of visitors, are believed to have been royal barges intended for travel along the fjords and inland waterways. Such vessels were sometimes turned into funeral ships for Viking leaders, who were accompanied by their goods and chattels; in the case of one of the Oslo ships, a servant of the queen accompanied her dead mistress.

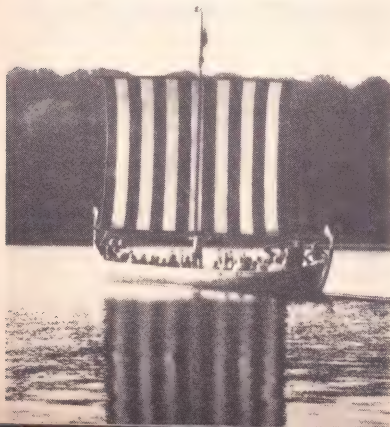
The warship, or longship, was distinguished by its slenderness, its continuous full-length decking, a full outfit of oars manned by sailor-warriors, and a single easily unstepped mast. The ships were built for speed and easy passage, and with a light draft for easy beaching on hostile shores. The sight of a Viking ship with its fierce dragon-head prow, warriors with shields and swords at the ready, sent terror into the hearts of defenders who had heard of the terrible sea raiders.

The Viking Age began with a raid on an island off Scotland in 793. An

ancient chronicler described the hit-and-run attack: "Ravages of heathen men miserably destroyed God's church on Lindisfarne, with plunder and slaughter." And another reported: "... never before has such terror appeared in Britain, nor was it thought that such an inroad from the sea could be made."

The raiders made more attacks and returned to settle along Ireland's waterways as craftsmen and merchants at Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork and Limerick. Other Vikings who had been raiding along the Rhine turned westward to England, where they captured lands from York to London and set up their own kingdoms until they were expelled in 954. On the continent, it was the same story of raids and destruction, loot and *Danegeld* (bribes to keep the Vikings away). In 845, they attacked Paris and were bought off for a six-year respite by Charles the Bald for 7,000 pounds of silver, the first of 13 *Danegeld* payments known to have

A re-created single-sail Viking ship from the Moesgarde Museum, Aarhus, Denmark




been made in France up to 926.

The Vikings loved silver. As traders, they made their way to Byzantium in smaller ships, following rivers and making overland portages to get from the Baltic to the Caspian and the Mediterranean. They fought and bought their way into Eastern marketplaces where they traded furs, honey, wax, weapons and slaves for gold and silver.

For most of the Viking Age, the Scandinavians had no coinage. Instead they used silver and gold as bullion to be weighed on ingenious folding scales by their traveling businessmen. Coins were often melted down and cast into ingots or made into jewelry. Many great historical finds came from buried hoards of silver, left behind by owners who were unable to return for them.

What brought an end to three centuries of raiding, trading, exploration and colonizing by the fierce sailors from Scandinavia? Kate Gordon, a Viking expert and research assistant for the American exhibit, says it was progress.

"Christianity became a stronger force, the nation states of Europe grew more powerful and the Vikings' fast ships were replaced by slower, but more profitable cargo vessels. The Vikings as traders were replaced by the Hanseatic League based in the German northland and at home, the Scandinavian states were transformed into three northern Christian kingdoms." The Vikings paved the way, but their time had passed. □

An artistic illustration of two skiers in a snowy, mountainous landscape. One skier in the foreground is wearing a red and orange suit and is in a dynamic, low-to-the-ground pose. Another skier in a yellow and orange suit is visible in the upper left background. The scene is rendered with soft, painterly strokes in shades of white, blue, and the skiers' vibrant colors.

Celebrating New Year's Eve at 22° Below

This trio passed up the traditional parties
for a night in the wilds of northern Minnesota

by Philip Larson

illustrations by Michael W. Green

DINNER WAS a gourmet's delight. There were cheeses and crackers, and good, spicy summer sausage for openers. Next came a flavorful onion soup. The main course consisted of chicken and noodles. Only white meat had been used to make it. Dessert was a strawberry gelatin bar, and there were fruits and nuts and candies to go along with it. Afterward there were cigars and brandy. A meal befitting a special occasion — New Year's Eve.

The meal was the only delight that evening. We were camping and skiing in the Boundary Waters area of northern Minnesota. The temperature registered 22 degrees below zero and it was dropping. The cheeses were frozen, the fruits and noodles were dehydrated, and the soup cooled so fast that ice ringed the cups before we finished. So the meal that would have been an exquisite treat under normal conditions was forced down solely for its nutritional value. Besides, we were cold.

We stomped our feet and wiggled our toes. We crowded the fire and stood on one foot while holding the other just above the licking flames. That worked temporarily, but the cold quickly penetrated whichever foot was not being warmed. Not fun at all. Finally we bade farewell to another year and climbed into our sleeping bags.

Our trip had started two days earlier at Fall Lake. We had arrived in Ely before dawn and waited for the Forest Service office to open to obtain a wilderness permit. Then we had driven to Fall Lake campground,

loaded our packs, parked my truck and headed out.

"We" consisted of Mike and Roger McCoy and I. Mike had come from Montana for the trip, while Roger had flown in from Yakima, Washington, to ski, freeze and have fun on New Year's Eve.

The route we followed crossed Fall Lake and portaged around open water on the channel that leads north to Newton Lake. We camped on the shore of Newton Lake the first night. In the morning we skirted the turbulent waters of Pipestone Falls. A river otter played on a steep slide that ended in a pool below the cascading water. Farther below the rapids, but still above the ice, a few hardy ducks flushed as we approached. Beyond the portage, we skied across Pipestone Bay and on toward the Basswood Lake area on the international border.

Most of the time we skied on snow-covered lakes. The snow was light, and in places the fierce arctic winds had swept the ice clean. Crossing the bare spots was slow, but elsewhere the thin snow made for fast skiing. Deer and wolf tracks crisscrossed the lakes often, but tracks were all we saw in the subzero cold. Where the ice merged with land, forests began. The country was a patchwork of lakes and forests, all neatly fitted together like a jigsaw puzzle. We pushed through the area, savoring the wild solitude. The sun was bright, the sky intensely blue, our spirits high and the skiing great. But toward evening all that changed.

With the setting sun came two ba-



sic needs, food and shelter. Both presented problems. The frozen ground repelled our tent stakes, so frames had to be built for the tents. Skis and poles and stumps and trees and a lot of rope all were required. The pitched tents

looked fragile and haphazard, but they stood!

Only those who have cooked outdoors when it's 25 below can appreciate the difficulties involved in preparing a meal. All the food is fro-



zen. Butter is as solid as a brick. Meat, too, and cheese and candy bars. Cutting such food items can best be done with the full swing of an ax. Getting water for dehydrated food is a problem, too. Open water must be

found and boiled, or snow must be melted. Then it stays in liquid form only when it's on the stove. Priming the stove with gas is risky — a few drops spilled on exposed flesh cause frostbite. Worst of all is waiting and watching for the food to cook. Or for it to thaw just enough to chew.

The first morning of the new year brought a cloudless sky to the Boundary Waters. My thermometer registered 11 below zero inside the tent and 30 below outside. Mike, who has worked at times as a singer, serenaded us from his tent. A verse about "the good times" faded into the forest, only to echo back with Roger's cry, "Am I cold! Larson, get some firewood and start the fire before I freeze!"

Roger's sleeping bag was rated by the manufacturer for temperatures down to 20 below, while mine had a comfort range down to minus 40. I let him start his own fire.

When breakfast was finished we broke camp, loaded our packs and headed on. Our route was over a small, frozen river. Snow was deeper there, so the front skier had the chore of breaking trail. Beaver dams crossed the river often. Small meadows crowded the meandering channel. We were not the first to blemish the snow blanket with our tracks. Rabbits, foxes, river otters, moose and timber wolves all had left trails before us. As we skied on, the river narrowed. Finally it shrank to a stream not four feet wide, and trees crowded the banks. Then the ice gave way to open water, forcing us into the forest.

There, sheltered from the wind and sun, the snow cover had built up. Dead branches crisscrossed the ground. Skiing was impossible, so we floundered through the thigh-deep snow. Both of the McCoy brothers run 26-mile marathons for a hobby. I don't. They thought this route was a great test of physical conditioning. I didn't. Still, I managed to struggle along until we came to a small, open meadow where we could ski again.

The meadow lead to a frozen stream. We followed fresh snowshoe tracks to a frozen lake where skiing was again exhilarating.

Later in the day we had the best skiing of the trip. We reached a four-mile truck portage road northeast of Fall Lake. Snow lay deep on the grade, and other skiers had established a fast trail over it. With smooth, powerful strides we raced over the path. Over knolls, down inclines, twisting, turning — it was like a groomed course. On and on we raced, pines and birch and spruce crowding the road. Faster and faster, it became a contest. The heavy packs, the cold, sleepless nights, the rough going earlier in the day, now this — who would be the first to give out? As it turned out, the trail was. The forest receded, the trail descended, we stood again on Fall Lake.

The temperature was about 10 degrees below zero when we reached the lake, and the wind was blowing at 30 miles an hour. We had 2-1/2 miles to ski — all against the wind. We put on face masks, down mittens, extra shirts

and windbreakers. With the additional protection the wind was tolerable as we set out on the final leg.

Then we were standing at my truck. It started. The packs were stashed, the heater was turned on and for the first time in days we were in a heated compartment. The cold feet, the numb fingers, the frosty noses, all were behind us now, but so, too, was the skiing!

We drove southwest out of Ely. Through McCombes and Virginia, on to Duluth and finally to Minneapolis. Roger had to be in Denver the next day, so we were leaving him at Minneapolis International Airport. Then Mike and I would drive on to our hometown in Iowa. Mike had his truck there and he would drive alone to Montana.

Roger and I shook hands when we parted at the airport. He apparently thought back to New Year's Eve — an inky, starless night of intense cold. "I'm glad I went with you this year, Phil. There are so many ways I could have wasted the evening, but I didn't. I can't say it was fun, but I sure enjoyed it. Learned a lot, too. Let's plan something for next year."

With that he was gone, and Mike and I were heading down the approach ramp to Interstate Highway 494. I thought about what Roger had said and about the parties I had been invited to but had passed up. On the way home Mike and I made plans to spend next New Year's Day skiing in Yellowstone Park. It's always good to start the new year right. □



The Old Man, the Harmonica and the Guitar

by William Childress

illustrations by Max Altekruze

THE VOICE on the telephone was shaky with age.

"I saw your ad for that color TV. You still got it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Not a thing. It's practically new."

"Then why you selling it?"

His questions were starting to get on my nerves. But I had been raised to

respect the elderly, so I took a deep breath. "I'm selling it because I'm spending too much time watching it," I said.

There was a pause. Then the shaky voice said, "That's all I've got, is time."

I had no answer for that. After a moment the old man said, "You said you wanted two twenty-five for it?"

"Two hundred *fifteen*," I said. "Just what I put in the paper."

"Can you bring it over for me to look at?"

I was starting to seethe in spite of myself. Not only was I selling a nearly new set for a third less than I'd paid for it a month ago, I was being asked to deliver it. The old man lived in town and I lived on a farm eight miles in the country. Even if I took it in, he probably wouldn't buy it.

"Look, sir, I've got a lot of work to do and I'm way behind. I'm a wr . . ."

"I'm 80 years old, and I don't drive much anymore. You just come into town and turn down Second Street to Roark, then right into the driveway across Roark. I live in the room built onto the garage."

The garage was almost hidden by maple trees, burning bright in the crisp fall air. My caller turned out to be a small man, gray and bent by age, but with energy in his skinny frame. The gaze from his blue eyes was still bright and alert, but there was a hint of sorrow, too. I would learn he'd lost his wife not long before, and had sold his small farm to move into town. His

landlady, herself past 80, occupied the house in front of the garage.

"Gets mighty lonesome," the old fellow said. "This here TV'll help pass the time. You wouldn't mind hooking it up would you?"

I hooked up the antenna wire and plugged the set in.

"Better show me how the channels work," he suggested.

The three nearest channels turned out to be a little snowy but the color was good. The UHF channel wouldn't come in at all.

"What's wrong with it?"

"With the set, nothing. With your antenna — which was apparently made around the Boer War — a lot. The snow is caused by being behind a mountain. You can't get the UHF channel without a splitter. You can have a splitter installed for a few bucks — but the mountain, you learn to live with."

The old man was only half listening. His eyes were fixed on a rectangular bulge in my shirt pocket — the harmonica I habitually carry with me.

"Is that a French harp you got there?"

"Yep. Genuine Hohner blues harp."

"You play?" His blue old eyes seemed to have taken on a new brightness.

If he was interested in harmonica playing, he couldn't be all bad. I'd gotten my first Hohner from Uncle Guy Childress, in 1948, and figured I knew a little bit about blowing the thing. Removing it from my shirt

pocket, I blew a few rousing notes. The old man listened — politely — then went into his bedroom and brought out a French harp so old all the shine had been rubbed off. Ha! That relic's reeds had to be all bent out of shape. Smugly, I waited for the sour squeal of notes I knew would be coming.

Slowly, like someone long out of practice, he put Ben Franklin's invention to his lips and blew a few cautious notes. And then from that worn old harp, there came the saddest, loveliest music I think I've ever heard. Up and down the scale, crying like a rainy-night wind, moaning like the lonesome whistle of a bygone freight train, sobbing out the blues that must have been in that old widower's heart. And it seemed the sound conjured up long-ago nights, when the plowing and planting were done, and there was no TV or radio to brighten the lives of a landbound young farmer and his new bride — when all they had were their own imaginations and each other.

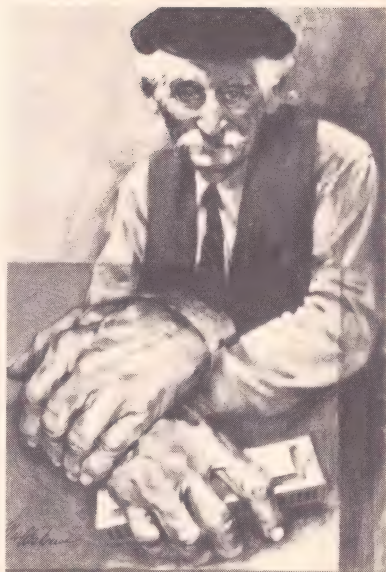
He stopped apologetically.

"Upper bridge is loose," he grunted, thumbing it. "Reckon I never used enough stickum."

"Where did you ever learn to play like that?" I asked in awe.

"Been at it a long time," he smiled. "My daddy bought me my first French harp in 1909, and all he ever told me was to choke off the holes with my tongue. I learnt the rest myself. Reckon you noticed I play it back'ards, too?"

And so he had, reversing the nor-



mal holding grip, so the bass notes faced right. He blew from right to left, a feat I'd never seen done before. Perhaps the style enabled him to wring those haunting melodies from the instrument.

"I just blow mine with my guitar," I said lamely, feeling like a rank amateur.

His eyes lit up. "You got a guitar?"

I nodded. "A 1947 Gibson LG," I said proudly. "A real beauty." I didn't tell him I'd bought it off an old man, much too cheaply, after seeing his ad in the paper.

I went over the next night with my guitar, and he met me at the door with his harmonica. "Come in," he said.

"If you'll fill in the check, I'll pay you for that TV right now."

So that was why he'd mistaken my price in the paper — his eyes were going. I printed the check and the sum in big letters and showed it to him. He signed it.

"How about *The Tennessee Waltz*?" he said, and sat down on his cot. I took a straight kitchen chair and we commenced. After the waltz, we collaborated on *Redwing*, and I damped the Gibson's rich sound so it wouldn't drown the harmonica's mournful pleading on behalf of the Indian maiden.

Next, he played a solo, winking at me and betting I didn't know it. So I sang, "Ohhh, that strawberry roannnnnn . . ." and how we went up together, but I came down alone. Then I stumped him with *A Bicycle Built For Two*, which his landlady, hearing music, came in in time to recognize.

Sparrow bright, she beamed, "Why, lotsa fellers played that for me when I was a young girl."

But he was into *Buffalo Gals* now, stomping his foot and pumping the mouth organ with his cheeks as bellows, coaxing a symphony from 20 brass reeds. Then he stopped.

"Whufffff, outta breath," he gasped. He laid the harmonica on the bed and thumbed his upper plate. "She stayed in that time," he said, "but a man needs his own teeth to play a harmonica like it ought to be played."

"You don't hear music like this

anymore," said his landlady, getting to her feet. "People just sit and stare at the boob box and don't try to do nothin' for themselves."

It was time for me to go, too. The old man stuck out his hand.

"My name's Lloyd. What's yours?"

"Bill," I said.

"What do you do, Bill?"

"I'm a wr . . ."

"Me," he went on, "I do a little of everything. Or did till I retired. Fruit picker, ditch digger, cotton puller, farmer . . ."

He was back in another time, another place, his old eyes fixed on the bronze leaves overhead as we stood on his small porch. But he wasn't seeing them. He was seeing his life, now almost over, like an old film rerun. And for a second his voice seemed to be his ancient harmonica, quavering and sad and loaded with loneliness. Or maybe it was just the wind in the maple leaves.

"You'll come back, won't you?"

"I'd like to," I said, "but I don't know if I can."

I wished I could explain how it was with writing, how all your time went into it, how magazines were dying, how people were forgetting how to read as they passively sat and watched more and more television — how I might be plucking chickens at the local plant this time next year.

His eyes were on me, anxious, a little worried. I could see that he had recaptured something very dear to him, and was afraid it would once

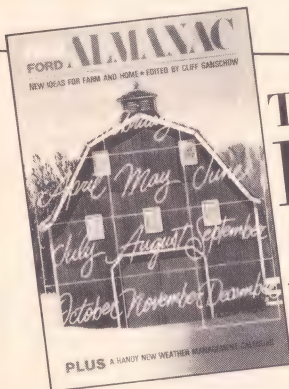
more disappear.

"Oh, all right," I said. "How about Sunday afternoon? But we can't make this a habit. It's not easy, being a wr . . ."

"Sunday is *fine!*" he sang out. "I'll work on my wind and blow up a

storm. You wait and see!"

And placing the harmonica to his lips, he wafted me to my car on a lone-some train whistle, wailing me through valleys and around mountains, free as a bird yet trapped forever in the reeds of his magic harp. □



THE 1981 FORD ALMANAC

New, helpful information
at same low price

The 1981 EDITION of the *Ford Almanac*, America's outstanding annual home and farm idea book, is just off the press. This 144-page book is packed with helpful information for gardeners, farmers, suburbanites and all those city folks with an apple orchard tucked away somewhere in their hearts. A new section, the Weather Management Planning Calendar, has been added to this year's edition. Each month's important dates are noted, and there's space for making personal notes. On the opposite page is a collection of seasonal garden ideas, profit tips and weather highlights for the month.

Copies are available for only \$1, plus 25 cents for postage and handling (Illinois residents please add 5 cents sales tax). Send check or money order, payable to *Ford Almanac*, to:

Ford Almanac
515 West Jackson Street
Woodstock, Illinois 60098



Being No. 1 Is Having the Features Americans Want

by Ray Newman



F-150 Ranger Lariat with Victoria Tu-Tone

IT'S CERTAINLY no mystery why Ford pickups are the best-selling trucks in America. They offer the tough construction Americans want. They offer the cab comfort features Americans want. And they offer the fuel economy Americans want.

Ford is unbeaten in the 1981 EPA gas-mileage listings for domestic stan-

dard-size pickups in both the 4x2 and 4x4 classes. The F-100 4x2 with 4.9-liter (300-CID) six-cylinder engine and optional four-speed manual over-drive transmission has an EPA-estimated mpg of **21** — the highest rating ever awarded to this type of domestic pickup — and a highway estimate of 29. And, the F-150 4x4

with the same powerteam has an EPA-estimated mpg of 18 and a highway rating of 24 (not available in California).*

In addition, Ford offers the only truck V-8 Automatic Overdrive option — new in '81 — for better highway fuel economy. At about 45 miles per hour, the transmission automatically shifts into overdrive gear, allowing the engine to turn more slowly. Automatic Overdrive is available on F-100, F-150 and F-250 4x2 pickups with the optional 5.0-liter (302-CID) V-8 engine. Also new for '81 is a 4.2-liter (255-CID) V-8. The smallest V-8 offered in an American-built pickup, it produces eight-cylinder power with six cylinder-type displacement.

Ford pickups provide plenty of toughness, too, and here are some reasons why: Twin-I-Beam front suspension; double-wall construction in Styleside box sides, tailgate, roof and hood sections; ladder-type frame with up to eight crossmembers; polypropylene fender liners in the front with splash shields in the rear, and an all-welded pickup box for Styleside models.

For advanced off-road technology, it's hard to surpass Ford's 4x4 pickups. They are the only American-built full-size 4x4s with Twin-Trac-tion-Beam independent front suspension for a better ride than competitive

solid axle suspensions. And for improved gas mileage on the highway, Ford has added the four-speed manual overdrive transmission to the 4x4's list of options.

Another new 4x4 option for '81 is automatic locking hubs. This important feature combines the economy of part-time four-wheel drive with the convenience of full-time four-wheel drive. There's no longer any need to get out of your vehicle and manually lock the front hubs. And once the automatic hubs are locked in, you can shift from two-wheel to four-wheel drive while the vehicle is moving. Also, unlike some systems, the Ford system allows engine compression braking to assist in downhill maneuvers.

Although Ford pickups are built tough, you'll find that they're comfortable and good-looking on the inside. Handsome all-vinyl bench seats are standard; also available are optional cloth and vinyl bench seats or Captain's Chairs on SuperCab models. Many interior features are color-keyed. Ford pickups also come equipped with door panel-mounted armrests, glove box with door latch and molded-in coin and cup depressions, sound insulation features, full-foam seat over springs, inside hood release and more.

Sitting behind the wheel of a Ford pickup, you'll also experience the reassuring feeling of convenient control. The instrument panel features a wrap-around style that visibly clusters instruments and controls for immediate access and easy reading. And, there

*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less. California estimates are lower.



Above: F-150 Ranger XLT 4x4 with Free Wheeling Package "A" and Deluxe Tu-Tone. Below: F-250 Ranger Lariat SuperCab with Camper Special Package and Combination Tu-Tone



are brow-mounted warning lamps, grouped above the instrument panel, to provide quick monitoring of crucial operating components.

Ford's spacious SuperCab is a great investment for the hardworking trucker on the go. There's plenty of room for a family of six with Super-

SuperCab with Captain's Chairs
and center console



Cab's standard front bench seat and rear bench seat option. Rear center-facing jump seats are an alternative option. The rear bench seat folds flat with its steel back providing a load floor, while the jump seats fold up out of the way to clear the floor for storage space.

For the ultimate in Ford pickups, look to Ranger Lariat. Standard interior features of this top-of-the-line trim level include a special "cushioned" seat trim sew style in rich vinyl and distinctive cloth, polished wood-tone appliqué and bright "Ranger Lariat" script on the instrument panel, handy map boxes on the lower door panels, woodtone appliques on the door trim panels, complete color-keyed molding system surrounding all windows, thick cut-pile carpeting and luxury-type steering wheel.

Outside, the handsome aerodynamic styling is complemented by brushed aluminum lower bodyside molding with black vinyl insert. Ranger Lariat's exclusive dual narrow tape stripe also accents the exterior design. It runs above the front fender and up the "B" pillar (not included with Regular, Deluxe or Combination Tu-Tone).

No matter what trim level you choose — Custom, Ranger, Ranger XLT or Ranger Lariat — you can add popular Ford options for even more comfort and convenience. Choices include an electronic digital clock, AM/FM stereo radio with eight-track or cassette tape player, air conditioning, power steering, power door locks,

power windows and Fingertip Speed Control.

Two exciting Free Wheeling packages are offered as options in 1981. Package "A" includes sport wheel covers, blackout grille and headlamp doors, and pinstriping (tricolor tape stripe is available in place of pinstriping on Styleside pickups; Deluxe Tu-Tone is available in place of pinstriping on Flareside pickups).

Free Wheeling Package "B" consists of the features of Package "A" plus fog lamps and bumper guards, Handling Package, bright rear contour bumper (Styleside), bright channel bumper (Flareside) and 10-hole polished aluminum wheels.

Interior features of Package "B" include simulated leather-wrapped steering wheel and Sports Instrumentation Package with tachometer, trip odometer, ammeter and oil pressure gauge. (Styleside 4x4s with Free Wheeling Package "B" include styled steel wheels in place of 10-hole polished aluminum wheels.)

Ford pickups are great for camping and trailer-towing fun, too. Ford offers optional Light-Duty and Heavy-Duty Trailer Towing Packages and a Camper Special Package containing the basic requirements for today's recreation uses.

When it comes to custom body applications, Ford Chassis-Cabs lead the way. All feature Ford's aerodynamic cab with roomy interior, and independent front suspension for toughness and ride qualities. They're available for almost any application —



Automatic locking hubs
are a new option for 1981

GVWRs up to 4,990 kilograms (11,000 pounds). And for 1981, Ford F-350 4x4s with 3,378-millimeter (133-inch) wheelbase are available as Chassis-Cab models.

Other 1981 pickup engines are a 5.8-liter (351-CID) V-8 and a 6.6-liter (400-CID) V-8. Additional transmission choices include a three-speed synchronized manual, four-speed manual, and SelectShift automatic.

Consult your local Ford dealer regarding the standard and optional engines and transmissions available on specific pickups. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.



The STOLEN CHURCH

by Val Lauder

illustrations by Thomas Sgouros





No one knows
for sure how the oldest
Episcopal Church
in the country north of
the Potomac
came to be where it is

ONE OF THE MOST heinous crimes in literature — or life — is that of stealing from the church. It matters little whether the theft is a small mite taken from the collection box or a jewel-encrusted treasure worthy of a *Topkapi* caper. You have robbed God.

But what if the whole church is taken?

Our story begins in 1706, in what was then the colony of Rhode Island — specifically, the Narragansett country. This was the area west of Narragansett Bay that bordered Connecticut. Although the territory had been settled more than 60 years before, and the colony would have a population of 30,000 by mid-century, there was not a single church in the Narragansett country.

A church had been built over in Newport some years before — the first for the worship of the Church of England in Rhode Island. Yet, not-

withstanding the fact it was a long, long trip by land — or by water, for that matter, across Narragansett Bay — to Newport, no edifice for worship existed in the Narragansett country as the new century dawned.

Then, in 1706, the Second Episcopal Society was formed in North Kingstown. A year later, a church was built.

Today that church — its sister structure at Newport having been long since destroyed — is not simply one of the surviving colonial churches, it is the oldest Episcopal Church in the country north of the Potomac.

But it does not stand today where it stood then. It was built on a hill, at a spot called the Platform, near the village of Tower Hill. The church was centrally located in 1707 — about five miles south of Wickford and five miles north of Kingstown Village, which came to be known as South Kingstown. This made it a convenient journey for members of both congregations, who would ride in on horseback to attend services at the Episcopal Church, called the Narragansett Church and later Old Narragansett Church, or St. Paul's Church.

With the Revolution, however, Episcopal (Church of England) services were largely suspended, although members did sometimes meet in individual homes, a casualty of the struggle with the Mother Country. Then, too, the plantations began to wane.

Worst of all, by the turn of the century, the population had shifted. The villages — particularly, South

Kingstown and Wickford — were becoming the population centers of the young state. Areas such as Tower Hill, for all its geographical height and former prominence, were in decline. In fact, Tower Hill not only lost its population to the surrounding villages, it lost its courthouse, too.

Up in Wickford, the now-large congregation felt increasingly put upon to have to travel the now-great distance required to attend services; they wanted the church moved closer to them. To the south, the other members of the congregation — albeit outnumbered — felt the church was fine right where it was.

On November 26, 1799, a meeting of the church vestry was held to take "into consideration the propriety of moving the church to some more eligible situation." The meeting had to be postponed because too few members of the South Kingstown congregation attended. Another meeting was scheduled for November 30. It, too, had to be adjourned for the same reason.

There are those who say the folks from South Kingstown didn't show up because they knew precisely what was up. And it does appear that their opposite number from Wickford was the larger body in the hot dispute.

On December 30, 1799, two frustrating meetings behind them — or *non-meetings* — and the new century knocking at the door, a meeting of the vestry was held.

According to the "Records of St. Paul's Church, Narragansett," as published in *History of the Episcopal*

Church in Narragansett, Rhode Island, "A motion was made and recorded and it was voted that church of St. Paul's be removed to the village of Wickford from the place where it now stands and that the said people and members of the church in North Kingstown be empowered to remove said building accordingly by Yeas and Nays as following . . ."

There follows a list of the members — and their votes. The motion passed 9-2.

That's on the record.

How the church was moved is not.

One account has it that the Wickford group took full advantage of the terrain being downhill all the way to Wickford. In this version, the members of the Wickford congregation surreptitiously stole up on the church one night. They did not come alone, however; they brought with them all the oxen in their neighborhood.

The month was January. There was a crust of snow on the ground. (This was a favorite time to move buildings — a custom quite common in olden times, when the effort of moving a structure was considerably less than that of building a new one.)

According to this account, the men put the building up on heavy beams, then used the huge beams as sledges. Tugging here and there, leading the team of oxen on, the Wickford folk then made off with the church, taking it back with them to Wickford, no doubt singing as they toiled or tugged, *Nearer My God To Thee*.

Those who dispute this account

point out quickly that the hill was too steep to take the church down in one piece. On the other hand, the hill and its steepness are central to the other point of view: The Wickford group went to all that trouble because they knew full well that, once they got the church down the hill, the South Kingstown group — forget the numbers — could never get it back *up* the hill.

The state of the roads then, the fact a stream had to be crossed to get the church to Wickford and its present location are also cited as reasons for a more conventional move from one site to another. And there is, indeed, merit to these points.

Still the stream, per se, poses no great problems to the first account. In an era when it was routine to move buildings, as circumstances dictated, the men were not only experienced and had the teams and equipment, they often used bodies of water for the moves — floating buildings across any open waters or sliding them, as they no doubt did in this case, across frozen surfaces. So the move may not have been as impossible as it seems.

Whether the Wickford folk made off with the church in the dead of night, or whether the church was moved conventionally — the boards removed, numbered, and the church reassembled — the church was established on a site in Wickford that had been left for a church in the will of one Lodowick Updike.

A steeple was added to the building. But here, too, there is confusion as to how it came down later. One

version says it blew down in 1865, another that it fell down in 1866.

One fact is clear: The congregation flourished in Wickford.

By 1847, the old church was too small. A new one was built on Main Street.

The old church was restored, and is now used on summer Sundays and special occasions. A long walk of flagstones leads to it from Main Street. The names of former rectors are inscribed on the 108 stones in the walk. The walk ends at the street on which the Old Narragansett Church faces.

The street on which it faces is appropriately named Church Lane (parallel to Main Street). It separates the long walk from Main Street from a shorter one of 17 flagstones.

Above the entrance to the church a small black tablet bears an inscription in gilt letters:

BUILT
A.D. 1707
REMOVED
A.D. 1800

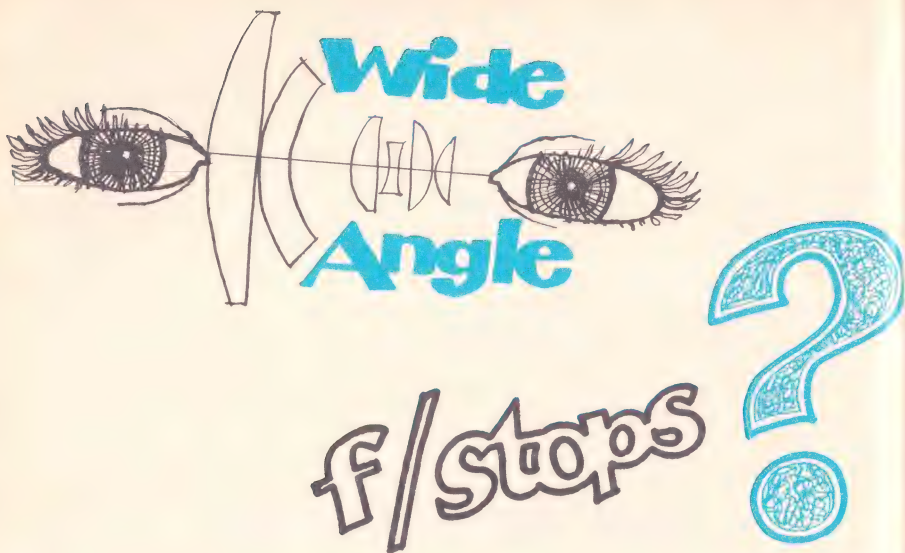
Alas, that begs the question. □

JOIN THE MOTORCRAFT SPORTS CROWD



- Spring/Fall Jacket. Unlined 100 percent ox-ford nylon. Water repellent, machine washable. Raglan sleeves, zipper front, button cuffs, drawstring waist. Sizes: S (34-36), M (38-40), L (42-44), XL (46-48). Price: \$11.40.
- Winter Jacket. Looks the same and is available in the same sizes as the Spring/Fall Jacket but has an acrylic pile lining for warmth. Price: \$14.65.
- Western Hat. Water repellent poplin, wired "U-Shape-It" brim, braid band, colorful fan feather. Sizes: S, M, L, XL. Price: \$10.75.
- Sports Cap. Twill with foam lining. Adjustable back strap to fit all sizes. Price: \$4.75.

TO ORDER, specify size and style number, and send check or money order to the following: FOR JACKETS — Ebert Sportswear, 5000 Fernandina Road, P.O. Box 21747, Columbia, South Carolina 29221. (South Carolina residents add 4% sales tax.) FOR HATS — Gold Star Hat & Cap Co., 122 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011. (New York residents add 8% sales tax.)



Parallax and Other Pitfalls

by Alice M. Pytak
illustrations by Miles Batt

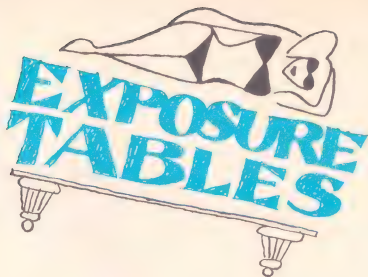
Have you ever
enrolled in a class
for beginners — and found
you were the only
beginner?

IT WAS FOOLISH to own a good camera and not know how to operate it properly. Intimidated by the lenses, filters and light meter of an expensive single-lens-reflex camera given to me a year earlier, I had instead depended on my trusty little “instant” camera. But as if fate had ordained it, the newspaper one day carried a large ad — “Learn Basic 35mm Photography in Six Easy Lessons!” It was meant for me.

The first session should have tipped me off. The genial young instructor began: “The one thing you must remember is that for every term in photography there is at least one other that means exactly the same thing.”

The purpose of that escaped me. Why not choose one and stick to it? I decided it was to add to the mystery of

"Calvin" "K's"
"TUNGSTEN"



the art. As the class continued, the mystery deepened.

First, we talked about film speed. "Certain films are faster than others," he said. I had been under the impression that they all rolled through the camera at the same rate.

"The f stop on your camera controls the opening of the diaphragm," he explained. "The smaller the number, the bigger the opening and vice versa." Now I had to think in reverse. Big number, small opening. Small number, big opening. Oh well, at least I could peek at the diaphragm as it opened and closed to check the theory.

"Look through the front of your camera," he said, reading my mind, "and watch the aperture change as the f stop changes." Aperture? I got nervous. "What happened to diaphragm?" I asked. "Same thing," he

told me, puzzled at my question.

At any rate, I was with other amateurs who were just as ignorant about photography. We were all there to learn. I began to relax. Then it happened. The man sitting behind me casually asked, "What Calvin difference is there between daylight and tungsten film?" My mouth sagged open. Calvin? Tungsten? What strange language was he speaking? Another man volunteered his observation that shooting at f8 at 250th of a second gave him the same exposure as f11 at 125th of a second. Oh, really? It was nice to know. But a darker thought nagged at me. Who were these people posing as unlearned users of the 35mm camera? What right did they have to invade this class? As the evening progressed, I decided I should have first familiarized myself with the



parts and functions of the camera by studying the manual, and then taken the course.

In fact, after the hour was up, I approached the instructor with just that suggestion. "I'll come back for the next course," I told him. "I don't

think I'm ready yet for an amateur course in photography."

"Nonsense," he scoffed. "It's the best way to learn. Hang in there!" No refunds, no returns. There was no turning back. I had already paid my fee and certainly was in no mood to

donate that hefty sum without some return on my investment. But now another problem loomed on the horizon — the instructor knew my predicament, as did the rest of the class.

I tried to absorb. I took voluminous notes. I tried to appear knowledgeable each time the instructor looked my way and asked routinely, "Does everyone understand this so far?" Everyone else would nod affirmatively. I did not feel confident enough to ask an intelligent question.

The course progressed and the confusion of reverse logic continued. Depth of field was crucial, and dependent on focal length of lenses. Long lenses gave a short depth of field, short lenses, a long depth of field. My head ached.

"Time of exposure is measured in bulb and time," he said. The *time* I could live with, the *bulb* measurement escaped me. How many bulbs to an exposure? How large a bulb?

The pretty, tinted filters that came with my camera were not, I learned, to be used with color film. "Color filters for black and white film only," he announced firmly.

The confusion mounted. All around me, people were asking questions like "When you have a through-the-lens metering system, do you have to compensate for a filter?" and "Can an 85B filter be used for other than tungsten film?" and "How do you correct for parallax in a single-lens-reflex camera?" I glared at them as harshly as I could. It was a little difficult doing that to the students while trying to

look intelligent to the instructor. He wasn't fooled. Each session still ended with his glance toward me: "Does *everyone* understand this so far?" Only now, the whole class looked my way. I smiled weakly, slinking down farther in my chair.

One fact was painfully obvious. I was not an average, run-of-the-mill beginner. I was a BEGINNER beginner. While the rest of the class sailed smoothly on the crest of meter readings and shutter synchronization, I was slowly drowning in an ocean that was 18 percent neutral gray.

The final session would be new to all of us, I told myself. We were going to be crammed four at a time into a tiny darkroom to observe the final step, developing. There, we would all be equally naive. Before the instructor had a chance to begin, the man who squeezed in beside me spoke up. "What type of emulsion preservative do you use to prevent overoxidation?" Being gray-haired and over 60 saved him from a quick dunk in the emulsion.

I never expected this story to have a happy ending. But my first roll of film came back and the results are surprisingly good. Only one shot — taken at a basketball game — failed to come out.

You see, since my aperture opening was at f3.5 on a wide angle lens, I should have compensated for the poor light in the gym by shooting at a speed slower than the 1,000th of a second I used.

It's all quite simple. □



by Nancy Kennedy

IT IS FASCINATING to watch professional drivers check out new cars. There is no tire kicking or checking for the location of the spare tire or tape deck. They get right to the heart of the matter. They get behind the wheel and run the vehicle through some tough paces on all kinds of roads and under a variety of weather conditions.

That is the way famed Scottish

race driver Jackie Stewart road-tested Ford Motor Company's new Escort before the car went into production. He drove the prototype cars many times to advise and suggest changes that would make it a first-class World Car.

Stewart is no newcomer to Ford products, having won 25 of his 27 Grand Prix victories in Ford products. He was World Champion For-

One Winner Picks Another



Famed racing driver Jackie Stewart gives his professional opinion of Escort

photos by Joe Farkas

mula I race car driver three times. He gave up active racing in 1973 to become a spokesman for auto racing and improved safety in the sport. For the past year he has been a consultant to Ford.

Stewart also drove production American Escorts in Florida under a variety of driving conditions — on streets, on freeways, over both good and bad road surfaces and, yes, on

a race track — and he rated the handling as impressive. “Take it from a motoring enthusiast,” he said, “the Escort handles well, steers well and responds well under all driving circumstances.”

When Stewart talks to you about cars, it is in the patois of the professional driver and it often sounds to an amateur as though he is talking about a person. He says each car has a per-

sonality of its own.

First he notes that the Escort does not have any "bad habits." Translated, that means in his opinion the Escort doesn't "roll" or "wind up" going around steep curves. To test this facet of the car's "character," Stewart sped around a test track both ways to check right and left cornering. Quite simply, he found that the Escort holds the road well and doesn't give drivers that uneasy feeling that the car might take off from the road on a steep curve. "Very sure-footed" is how Stewart summed it up.

When he drove the Escort on wet pavement, he found it handled well there, too. "Excellent small car, very well balanced. I am extremely impressed," was his professional opinion.

Even if race drivers don't kick tires to check out a car, they quickly size up a car's appearance. "Have you ever noticed," Stewart asked, "if something doesn't look quite right or balanced, it usually isn't functional either? I think that the Escort is a very good-looking car. The interior is roomy and handsome. The car is so well-designed that the space has been used really efficiently. That goes for passenger leg room and seat adjust

ment, as well as storage space. In fact, you're going to get as much storage space in an Escort as you do in many larger cars."

The way the car "went through the gear box" also impressed Stewart. What he meant in layman's language was that the car progressed smoothly from low to top speed, whether he drove an Escort with an automatic or manual transmission.

"My advice to a prospective car buyer considering a new compact," said Stewart, "is to test-drive several cars in that category. A car is one of the biggest investments that a family makes. You should check out a car with the same care you use when you evaluate a house you are thinking of buying. I believe comparative test-driving will result in an overwhelming decision in behalf of the Escort."

When we asked Jackie Stewart to forecast the future of this newest car in the Ford family, he said, "I think that the Escort is a World Car in the truest sense of the word, not only from a professional driver's point of view but from the average driver's as well. The whole world is facing higher costs for gasoline. So a car like the Escort, with superior fuel economy and low maintenance, is going to be the choice of the thrifty, 'with it' car buyer.

"This car is very much in tune with the way we must live today. It is the wave of the future and I think that this comfortable, smart-looking, fuel-efficient compact will persuade Americans that Escort is made to order for the 1980s." □



Stewart, during his race driving days

Mail-Order Mansion

by Marylu Terral Jeans



**This restored 22-room
Victorian showplace
was prefabricated
in 1892 and shipped 2,400
miles to Jacksonville, Oregon**

MANY TRAVELERS know Ashland, Oregon, as the home of the summer Shakespeare festivals, but they sometimes overlook the fascinating town of Jacksonville, 14 miles away.

The town is a National Historic Site, and it has retained its authenticity and atmosphere. The entire town is a museum of the 19th century, and it is a placid, restful island in a world of hurry and stress.

One of the outstanding points of interest in Jacksonville is the Nunan Mansion, known locally as "The Cat-

alog House." The mansion, a Queen Anne Victorian home of 22 rooms with a full basement and a 2,400-square-foot ballroom, was ordered precut and partially assembled from Knoxville, Tennessee, 2,400 miles away. The house was shipped complete with drapes, fixtures, carpets and a foreman to supervise the construction. The total cost was less than \$8,000.

The most elegant home in the area, the house was ordered as a Christmas gift for the family of Jeremiah Nunan in 1892. The Nunan family lived in the house 22 years. Unfortunately, there was a curse associated with the home, and the entire family suffered digestional problems. It was thought that this might have contributed to Jeremiah's taking his own life at age 76. It wasn't until years later, that Richard Lucier and Jay Fuller, foster brothers and the present owners, solved the mystery of the Nunan curse. While restoring the house, they discovered a lead-lined water tank in the attic.

When Lucier and Fuller bought the house in 1975, only one floor was habitable. The rest of the house was a shambles.

The brothers, both interested in antiques, left jobs in the San Francisco Bay area to devote full time to restoring the mansion. It was a herculean task, but today and nearly a million dollars later, it glows like a jewel in the historic setting of Jacksonville.

The house is a National Historic





photos by T. A. Schmidt

Monument to the public, but home to Lucier and Fuller who have done almost all of the restoration themselves through several years of back-breaking work.

Fourteen to 15 layers of wallpaper were removed from the walls to find the original paper, which was then recreated. Acid-etched glass was replaced at a cost of about \$5 a square inch. Voile sheers were embroidered in France at \$300 a yard. The heavy, velvet drapes were custom made in the original colors and styles. Stained glass windows and skylights were replaced. Five coats of white paint were removed from woodwork to reveal beautifully grained and shaded woods of many varieties. The chimneys were cleaned with wire brushes and acid at a cost almost equal to that of the original house.

The only room not furnished in Nunan style is the Victoria and Albert Room, one of the highlights of the house. The elegantly draped brass bed is from Queen Victoria's summer palace on the Isle of Wight. The wallpaper was originally created for Queen Victoria's yacht. Victoria sketched both Albert's and her profiles in the tendrils of the rose design, and this sketch is incorporated into the paper.

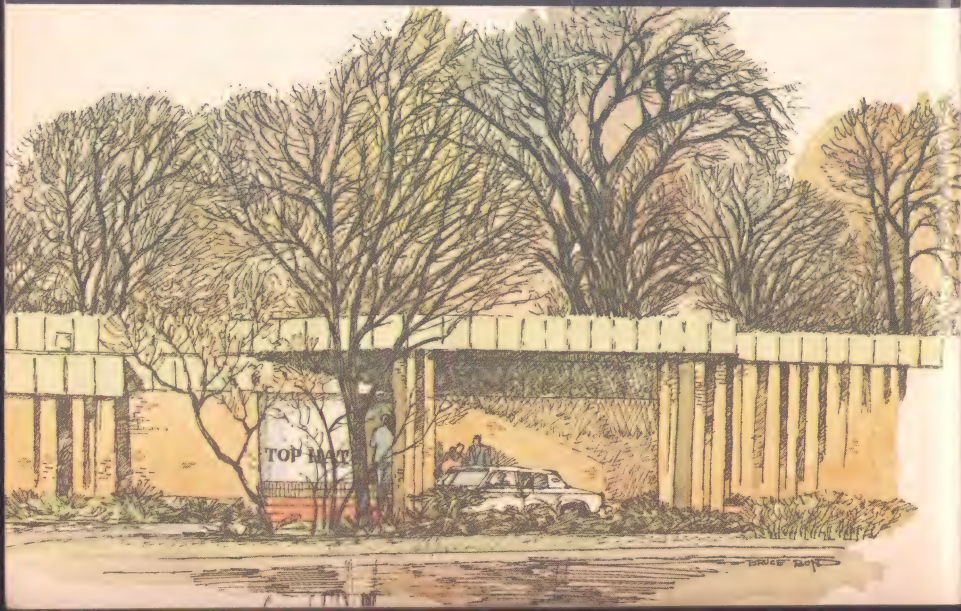
As a result of Lucier's interest in Victoriana and his work in the Nunan Mansion, he is now a recognized restoration consultant and vice president of the Victorian Society. □

Because the Nunan Mansion is a private residence, it is open to the public only in the summer, Tuesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is \$2.50 per person.



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



**RABBIT HILL INN
LOWER WATERFORD
VERMONT**

Homey hospitality is the outstanding feature of this early 1800s inn built along the Connecticut River overlooking New Hampshire's White Mountains. Here you'll find the charm of old New England in the cozy rooms with fireplaces and the good food traditional to the area — Indian Pudding, Oatmeal Bread and Baked Vermont Ham as well as several new entrees introduced by Eric and Beryl Charlton, the innkeepers. The inn is on State Highway 18 between St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and Littleton, New Hampshire.

**MINNICK'S TOP HAT
RESTAURANT
MIDDLETON, WISCONSIN**

If Alice and Bill Minnick are still basking in the warmth of compliments from a silver anniversary champagne dinner two years ago celebrating their 25th year in business, it's understandable. No fewer than 600 friends and devotees of their restaurant attended the affair. The restaurant, in the heart of resort country and close to the University of Wisconsin, has a tradition of providing excellent foods and gracious service. Buffet lunches are served Monday through Friday, dinner Monday through Saturday. Sunday features are champagne brunch, smorgasbord from 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Reservations are suggested. The restaurant is at 6630 Mendota Avenue at University Avenue near U. S. highways 12 and 14.

SAUTEED CHICKEN COINTREAU

Split 8 boned chicken breasts in halves, remove any skin or fat. In saucepan, combine 1 quart rich chicken stock, 2 oranges peeled, sliced and seeded, and 2 ounces diced fresh ginger. Simmer about 1 hour or until reduced to 1 cup. Sauté 4 ounces sliced fresh mushrooms in 1 tablespoon butter until soft. Add to stock with 4 ounces Cointreau and keep warm. In large skillet, heat 3 tablespoons butter. Add chicken breasts and cook over low heat about 6-8 minutes on each side. Do not brown or chicken will become stringy. Remove to hot platter. Pour stock mixture into pan, increase heat, then cook and stir until sauce is reduced and coats spoon. Add 4 ounces lightly cooked pea pods, orange slices, 2 tablespoons butter and mix well. Pour over chicken. Serve with crispy stir-fried vegetables and rice. Serves 8.

PINEAPPLE LOAF DESSERT

Small box (7½ ounces) vanilla wafers
1 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon almond extract
2 cups drained crushed pineapple
1 cup finely chopped walnuts

Crush vanilla wafers into fine crumbs. Reserve 2 tablespoons. Cream butter until fluffy. Slowly add sugar continuing to cream. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in vanilla and almond. Combine drained pineapple and walnuts. Stir into butter mixture. Line loaf pan (8x5x3 inches) with foil, leaving an overhang on sides so loaf can be lifted out easily. Press ½ cup crumbs on bottom of pan. Spread a layer of pineapple mixture evenly over crumbs. Repeat until crumbs and pineapple mixture are used up, ending with pineapple mixture. Sprinkle on reserved crumbs and chill at least 24 hours. Can be garnished with whipped cream and maraschino cherries. Serves 10 to 12. Can be frozen.



KURT'S INN MASSILLON, OHIO

If you like the drama of table-side cooking with the spectacular flaming of gourmet dishes, this restaurant comes highly recommended. The atmosphere is relaxing and restful, thanks to the warm brick walls, many hanging planters, colorful table settings, discreet lighting, paintings and owner Kurt Seebacher's genuine welcome and concern for your dining pleasure. Open for dinner by reservation daily except Sunday, Monday and holidays, the inn is at 4104 Lincoln Way East. Nearby attractions include the Professional Football Hall of Fame at Canton and the Canton Cultural Center for the Arts.

VEAL PAPRIKA FLAMBÉ

- 2 prime veal steaks (7 ounces each)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
- Flour
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons chopped shallots
- 2 cups fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1 ounce Cognac, warmed
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream

Pound veal steaks very thin. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour on both sides. Bring butter to simmer, add veal and sauté to desired degree of doneness, 2 to 3 minutes on one side. Turn meat, add shallots and mushrooms and sauté 2 minutes. Pour on warmed Cognac and flame. Stir in wine and paprika, then remove meat to hot platter. Add cream to sauce and simmer 2 minutes. Return meat to sauce and simmer 2 minutes. Serves 2.

THE OLD POST OFFICE FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

This elegant turn-of-the-century restaurant is one of the most unusual in the state. Opened in 1909 as the city's central post office, the building outgrew its usefulness after half a century. Slated for demolition in 1963, it was rescued and restored, and opened for lunch and dinner in 1978. It is at Number One Center Square. Reservations recommended.

FILETS OF SOLE WITH SHRIMP SAUCE

- 2 pounds sole filets
- Chablis
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup clarified butter
- 1 large shallot, minced
- 1 tablespoon diced, cooked ham
- 4 sprigs parsley, finely chopped

- 4 mushrooms, minced
- 2 tablespoons Chablis
- 8 cocktail shrimp, cooked and coarsely chopped
- 1 quart heavy cream
- 1 teaspoon anchovy paste or lobster base
- 4 ounces dry sack sherry

Lightly salt filets and place in 2 buttered, shallow pans. Pour in Chablis so that filets are almost covered. Cover with aluminum foil and poach 4 to 6 minutes. Set aside. Sauté shallot in butter, then toss in ham, parsley and mushrooms. Mix well and sauté lightly. Add 2 tablespoons Chablis and shrimp. Simmer to blend, then set aside. Divide cream into 2 12-inch saucepans, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon anchovy paste to each. Bring to boiling, then add 2 ounces sherry to each pan. Allow to simmer 4 to 6 minutes to reduce. Stir in half the shrimp mixture in each pan, moving the pans in a circular motion to spread ingredients throughout the sauce. Drain filets well, pour on sauce and garnish with paprika and lemons. Serves 4 to 6.

MR. BONES

by Bob Cairns

illustrations by George Samerjan

WHEN I WAS A BOY my Uncle Chub had a nice little meadow just outside New Windsor, Maryland, where I dreamed I'd someday pasture a pony. The setup was perfect. There was a quaint old barn, seven acres of pasture and an understanding uncle, all within walking distance of my home.

Before I was old enough to ride, I would trek along down to Chub's meadow and watch while he fed his horses and cleaned out their stalls. During this daily ritual it was his habit to stop, lean on his pitchfork and lecture to me about the importance of what he called horse sense. He'd grab

The boy and the
dilapidated substitute
for a pony learned a lot
from each other. None
of it was easy

his mare Dusty's bridle, open her mouth, stare her right in the teeth, then thoughtfully look away. "You can never let the horse know he's got the upper hand. It's as simple as that," he'd say.

The year I was 7, Chub had put me up in the saddle a number of times, but I'd still never ridden alone. Then one day after school, he hoisted me up on Dusty, gave me the reins, the horse trotted away, and by the time Chub had helped me down, I was goose bumps from my cowboy hat right to my boots — Yippee-ki-o-ki-yea!

Following that ride on Dusty, my family didn't sit down at the dinner table without the topic coming up. "Uncle Chub says I can keep the pony down in the meadow," I'd say. "Eat your carrots," my mother would counter. Unruffled, I'd turn to my father. "How 'bout it, Dad?" I'd say. He'd look at my mother, give me a wink. "Clean them up — they're good for your eyes," he'd say.

As the months went by, the picture of the pony became increasingly clear: He was coal black with a little white star in the middle of his forehead that matched his four stockinged legs. He had a jet black saddle with silver studs and when I crawled up in the stirrups I could smell the new leather and actually hear it squeak. And each night at bedtime when my mother turned out the light, we'd jump fences, rope cattle and ride across wide open plains until sleep finally took over the reins.

Then on my eighth birthday the "surprise package" came. I had just



blown out the candles on the cake and made my wish when I heard my uncle's old cattle truck rattling up. "It's my pony!" I shouted. I flew down the steps and was halfway across our back yard when I heard the deafening bray. "Hee-haw, Hee-haw, Hee-haw," the pony said. I ran to the truck, looked up at my uncle with tears in my eyes. "Not a donkey . . . I wished for a pony," I said. Chub jumped down out of the cab, walked over and gave me a pat on the head. "You'll forget the pony before you know it, donkeys make wonderful pets," he said.

As the donkey banged around in the confines of the truck, I stared at my feet, fought back the tears and did

my best to work up a smile for the donkey's debut. When the racket continued, I peeked into the back of the truck through the old wooden slats and there was Chub all red-faced, legs spread apart, hunkered down low, straining and pulling on the end of a rope. "Show him some horse sense, Uncle Chub," I said. Chub forced a smile, mumbling something I couldn't hear, and continued the tug of war. Back and forth they went, donkey one way, then uncle the other, and just when Chub appeared ready to give it all up, the rope slackened, the donkey stumbled forward, and down the ramp they came. Then Chub came walking out into the bright sunlight with water pouring down his face, and there five feet behind him, trotting along as fresh as you please, was the poorest excuse for a donkey I'd ever seen.

At first my emotions were mixed. I was shocked by the donkey and embarrassed for Chub. Perhaps the price made a pony unrealistic, but this wasn't even one of those cute little cartoon-show burros. He was medium size and had a tight burr-covered coat that showed off more ribs than I cared to count. While the donkey gnawed away at my father's prize fescue, Chub pointed out his ears as being rather unique and on closer inspection I had to agree. The left one was standing straight up reaching for the sky and the right one was drooping down covering one eye. As I shifted from one foot to the other and tried to think of something nice to say, Chub led the donkey back on the ramp of the truck





and suggested we head for the barn and bed him down for the night.

I named him Mr. Bones after a donkey in my *Dick and Jane* second grade reader and reluctantly assigned him the stall next to Chub's horse Dusty where my pony was supposed to go. And that afternoon as Chub and I tossed fresh hay, scooped oats and prepared the donkey's bed, my anger about the pony gave way to a fear of how the donkey might react to the idea of having an 8-year-old boy on his back.

Late that afternoon Chub slipped Mr. Bones several sugar cubes and before the donkey knew it he had a bridle on, a bit in his teeth, and was tied up tight to an old cattle ramp. I listened attentively and when Chub's

traditional horse sense lecture ground to a halt, the moment of truth arrived. I said a quick prayer, tipped back my cowboy hat and felt myself slowly walking up the ramp. "Heck, I've ridden horses before," I thought as I eased down on the donkey's back. And with that still on my mind, I found myself airborne — flying back toward the barn. I was weightless, looking at wispy white clouds, blue sky, and then suddenly, in a big green blur the meadow was heading my way. Ouff! I hit the ground like a bale of wet hay. I sat watching the old barn spin, hating the donkey and gasping for breath.

Unfortunately, that first ride on Mr. Bones was a sign of things to come, and by the end of July, Bones had bruised my body and injured my

pride, and I was running out of patience and sugar cubes trying to get my first ride. When things went well, he'd just dip his neck and let me slide off like he was unloading unwanted luggage, but more often than not, he'd lean back, buck and just throw me as far as he could. Then late in August, just as two beautiful deep-purple bruises on my hip were beginning to fade, Bones outdid himself by flipping me into the cattle ramp and breaking my wrist. All that September I sat with a cast on my arm, wondering if I had what it took to tame the donkey.

Finally in October the doctor gave me the okay and old Bones and I went at it again. For more than a week it was the same old routine. Bridle on, bit in, climb on, get up, dust off and get back on again. Then on a cloudless Indian summer day around Halloween that I'll never forget, just as I was crawling up on his back, from way off on the other side of the meadow, Bones' old stallmate Dusty came through loud and clear with a long and loving whinny. The donkey's big gray ears went up like a shot and before I knew it, he took off in a trot. We were bouncing along now and Bones kept his eyes riveted on Dusty, totally oblivious to the fact that the kid he'd been rejecting for the last four months was perched right on his back.

Perhaps it was just the anticipation that built during the wait, but the sensation of riding Bones that first time was something I'll never forget. For an 8-year-old boy the ride was excite-

ment and power all rolled into one, and in a matter of seconds a genuine love for the donkey had replaced the months of hatred. Then as I stole a nervous look over my shoulder to see if Chub was enjoying my moment, Dusty up and whinnied again. Now Bones came completely unglued, took off like he'd been hit with an electric shocker, and in the next 200 yards I was losing the reins, grabbing the mane, praying and holding on with all my might. And somewhere just before Bones jumped the creek I closed my eyes, clung to his neck, and for the rest of the ride we were on instruments. When the donkey finally slammed on his brakes (just inches short of Dusty) I went up in the air and came down hard on his neck. I sat clinging to his mane for a second or two watching Bones and Dusty nuzzle and when I'd regained my composure I slid off and gave the donkey a pat. Heck, it hadn't been the smoothest ride, but I'd broken the donkey and there was no denying that.

My memory of the dilapidated donkey who replaced my dream of a pony has mellowed over the years. The bumps are gone, the bruises have faded and the wrist is completely healed.

But as I look back on the Bones experience, I'll never forget Chub's comment that day following my historic first ride. He said there were plenty of kids who grew up owning ponies, but if a boy really wanted to learn horse sense, the very best way he knew was to skin himself a mule. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

*In which you can find a little
bit of everything but gloves*

Wheelers 1981 RV Resort & Campground Guide — To be published January 2, the North American edition lists and rates 17,000 private and public parks and campgrounds in the United States, Canada and Mexico. The guide also carries a new, toll-free reservation service for campgrounds. Price: \$6.95. There is an additional \$1.25 charge for shipping and handling — but it will be waived on orders received before January 2. Send check or money order to Wheelers at 1521 Jarvis Avenue, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007.

Tracing Your Family Roots? — With more and more people searching for their heritage, business has been good at more than 250 genealogical libraries throughout the United States and Canada. For information on the genealogical library nearest to your home, write Genealogical Department, U.S. and General Reference Section, 50 East North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150.

For Teddy Bear Fans — The Good Bears of the World, a nonprofit IRS tax-exempt association that pro-

vides teddy bears for children in hospitals and institutions, has published 21 issues of *Bear Tracks*, a 24-page quarterly newsletter about all kinds of stuffed bear stuff. A subscription costs \$4 a year but is included as part of an \$8 annual membership fee for joining the association. For information, write and include a self-addressed, stamped return envelope to Good Bears of the World, P.O. Box 8236, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815.

More About Miniature Horses — The July Ford Times incorrectly cited the Gettysburg Miniature Horse Farm in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, as having the only breeding herd of little horses in America. Gill Hill, secretary for the International Miniature Horse Registry (IMHR), says there are at least 300 other miniature horse breeders in the United States. The IMHR directory lists them. For a free copy, write Hill at P.O. Box 907, Palos Verdes Estates, California 90274.

The Weekend Book — This 48-page full-color publication is billed as "A Guide to Small Adventures in Illinois." The free book provides hundreds of ideas ranging from where to snuggle up in front of a fireplace in a Victorian mansion to where to find the winter hideouts of America's symbolic bird, the bald eagle. For a copy, write Illinois Office of Tourism, 208 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601.



Let Us Not Forget the Sweet Adelines

I just received my September *Ford Times* and enjoyed the article on Tulsa by Tom Ladwig. I thought you might be interested in knowing that

there is another kind of music in Tulsa besides country western, namely barbershop harmony. Tulsa is the international headquarters of Sweet Adelines, Inc., which is an organization consisting of more than 30,000 women who love to sing barbershop harmony. Even though I've never been there, Tulsa plays a big part in my Sweet Adeline life.

Sue Skeels, President
Bloomington Chapter
Sweet Adelines, Inc.
Bloomington, Illinois



His '57 and Her '57

We thought the enclosed photo might

be of interest to *Ford Times* readers. The two 1957 Fords belong to Mr. and Mrs. Terry Brock of Willow Springs, Missouri. In the background is a 1931 Ford Model A owned by Clarence Chritton, also of Willow Springs.

R. D. White
White Ford Sales
Willow Springs, Missouri

Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here

We have a son in Kansas University Medical School driving a 1965 Mustang, a son who is a senior at Kansas State University and who drives a 1968 Mustang, a daughter who is a junior at Wichita State University with a 1966 Mustang, and a daughter, a sophomore at Kansas State University, also with a 1966 Mustang. We, the parents, have a 1966 Mustang, plus a 1966 Mustang convertible. Until recently we also had a 1965 Mustang fastback, which we were able to include in this photo when all the

Mustangs were together at a family reunion.

Accumulated mileage on the seven Mustangs is well over 700,000 miles. Just goes to show what Ford products can do!

Mr. and Mrs. Fred N. Baldwin
Salina, Kansas





1981 FORD BRONCO. MILES AHEAD IN MPG AND ADVANCED DESIGN.

Bronco, the family 4-wheeler totally redesigned last year for the 80's. And the only one that can give you advanced features like tough independent front suspension and optional 4-speed overdrive transmission to boost fuel economy.



**NEW OPTION.
4-speed overdrive.**
For Ford Bronco. Helps improve fuel economy.

**NEW OPTION.
Automatic locking hubs.** Front hubs run free on highway, lock automatically when you shift to 4WD.

BEST SIX UTILITY MPG

18 EPA
EST.
MPG

Standard 4.9L (300 CID) Six with 4-speed overdrive transmission option.

24 EST.
HWY.

20% better gas mileage for the '81 Bronco over last year's 6-cylinder estimated MPG.



**NEW.
Snow Plow Prep Package.**
Fully equipped for snow plow service, from HD axle to alternator, Bronco plays hard, works hard.

**TOUGH.
Twin-Traction Beam.**
Independent front suspension to step over bumps for a stable ride.

*Compare these estimates with others. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. California estimates lower.



BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID

Milwaukee, Wisc.
PERMIT NO. 1000

YES
SENT TO YOU BY

INC

416

TO



Ford Pickups: No. 1 in Truck Sales